

ON A DULL DAY.

SCENES IN WALL STREET WHEN BUSINESS IS STAGNANT.

A Light Ripple of Interest-At the Pi and Sandwich Counter-Elchest Woman in America-Initiating a New Comer.

Things are dead as a door nail on the stock market. The cierks and messenger boys who come and go from the Exchange travel at a walk, and the doors that slam behind them give exit to none of the noises native to a busy day on the floor. A few late break fasters are playing knife and fork at Delmonico's, and not a broker among them. They are, to a man, lawyers, whose trade thrives when all others are dull. The scattered loungers against the railings and tele-graph poles of New street are talking of the opening of the baseball game, and the couple of brazen voiced curbstone brokers with privileges to sell shout their seductive propo-sitions forth in vain. A hopeless looking man leads a melanoboly dog up and down as if be expects a purchaser to drop from the skies. Both man and dog took hungry.

A reporter from some news agency goes by at a run, and an intimate among the

"Hey, Jack! who's busted?"
"Blodge," shouts the reporter, as he vanishes under the Stock Exchange, to make a short cut by the basement into Broad street. This starts a little ripple of interest. Blodge gone up, ch? Well, any one might have ex-pected it. There isn't a dollar in the bucket shop business any more. A man is an in-fernal fool who plays a cent in them.

A whistle blast, announcing that it is 13 clook, brings a stream of brokers out of the Stock Exchange doors, and for the time being makes the street lively enough. Delmonico fills up, but the biggest crowd is at the end where the ten cent pie and sandwich counter is. Only two bottles of champagne are visible along the whole row of tables, and a deep seated melancholy has possession of the shaven

"How are things, Auguster" asks a giddy roung scion of an old banking house, who is investing some of the paternal cash in a feast that makes older men, who have to work for their money, open their eyes. "Slow, chi"
"Ah, sare!" thus Auguste, with his shoul-

ders to his ears and his hands out, palms up-

ward: "on a bear market, sare, 2e valtare he Dodging out of one of the nests of offices on Broad street comes an elderly woman in a shabby gown, with a hand sachel bulging to ing clutched in her ungloved hand. foxy faced man, with a green baize bag to identify his trade by, trote beside her, listenag submissively to her observations, and a aush of awe falls on the street during he passage. Among the whispered fragments of comment that follow them you may catch a

few, such as: "Richest woman in America."

"Bet you the beers she's got a million in

"Heard she's gone in for J. P. S. Con-Two or three men who have a few quarters

left hurry off to the nearest bucket shop to buy J. P. S. Consolidated for a rise, because tsy Brown is said to have gone in for it. Later, the members discover a new comer He is a smartly dressed young fellow, who has lately bought a seat, and who has been lured on the floor for the first time by the appearance of the theatrical visitors. His

one grasps his hand warmly.

"My dear boy," he says, "so glad to see you here, upon my word, I am."

He compresses the new member's hand in a grip that makes him squirm, while another conspirator snatches the new member's new white hat off and tosses it into the air. In a whole exchange is in an upr The hat bounds and rebounds in the air like a ball, never getting lower than the line of ada. A circle forms around the astonished new member and commences a weird and barbaric dance, accompanied by a cliant that would do credit to a band of Apache Indians all now forgotten all about the hazing that the exchange practices, makes an attempt to break the circle and reach the door, and becomes lost in a tangle of stockbrokers who end the welkin with the most uncarthly and inhuman cries. The visitors are in an eestasy and applaud wildly. When the new member bolts out at a back door, with his spring suit in ribbons, he is followed by a owi that must be audible in Jersey.

A truck loaded with sacks of silver dollars, ke bags of meal, joits away from the sub reasury, and breaks down a dozen vards off. This gives the unemployed mob something to look at, while the driver and a couple of volunteer assistants stack the treasure u along the curbstone, to await the arrival of

By ten minutes past 3 the exchange is locked up, New street is empty, and Broad street nearly so. The par tenders commence to wash up their glasses for the day, and the raiters gather in the corners of the restauand compare their returns with darkening brows, in the brokers offices the charen begin to sweep out, and in the beer saloons the men with dogs, and shoestrings, industriously work the free lunch counter, and talk as solemnly of the dreadful dulla as if they were personally interested in the

The brokers are going up town a-foot and on wheels, but mostly a-foot. They do it for exercise, they say It is a peculiarity of Wall street that a bear market is always amazingly provocative of athleticism among case and repose come in as invariably when the bulls have the field to themselves.— Alfred Trumble in The Argonaut.

American homewives engrossed in the cares of house cleaning, may thank their stars they do not live in Paris. The consell de Salubrite of that city has recently discovered the inconvenience of allowing car-pets to be brushed and beaten in the open air in the vicinity of inhabited houses on account the dust which is so raised, and especially on account of the bacteria which may be set free when the carpets come from houses where otic diseases have existed. The consul has, therefore, decided that this operation will be allowed only under the following con The carpets must be brushed and ter containing some disinfectant of t action; strips of wool etc., will be

'What's the matter?' asked the pilot. "'Stop the ship, or I'll shoot!' replied Connor, presenting his ride. 'McLaugh-lin's overboard.' Happy Young Husband—Belle and I get along very amiably. Not the slightest cold-ness has occurred, and we have been married almost a year. 'Who's McLaughlin?' but, seeing Connor cocking the trigger, he added, 'Stop! don't shoot. Stopped she is.

"While all this was going on I was buffeting with the waves in desperate straits his heavy cavalry boots so hampered me

Wise Father-Did you ever try to match "No, I haven't."

"Then your experience ham's comme

A Sad Death. "Aw, Cholly, have you seen Awlgernon

Cholly (in a husky whisper)-The pocah boy is dead.
"Dead! Why, old chappy, what killed

m, aw?"

Nervous shock. Don't ye know, ne stopped and was turning about. At this time I was at least three miles away from the steamer, and could not see much that

SUCH IS FAME The misspelt scrawl upon the wall, By some Pompeiinn idler traced, In ashes packed (fronte fact.) While many a page of bard and sage, White many a page
Deemsed once mankind's immortal gain,
Lost from Time's ark, heaves no more mark
Than a keel's furrow through the main

—J. R. Lowell

SOLDIER AND SHARK.

Inspector of Police Patrick H. McLauch lin is not only a great oarsman and swim mer, but also a great story teller His occasional departures from the conventional and generally accepted principles which govern yarn spinning have, it is true, cast a slight shadow athwart his veracity, but he is nevertheless listened to with respectful attention when he starts out to entertain his friends with relations of his adventures. As an carsman and swimmer, however, this renown is un swimmer, however, this renown is un-dimmed by his aforesaid reputation. The inspector passes most of his spare time during the spring and summer at the Varuna Boat club house, at Bay Ridge He is a member of the club and the happy owner of one of the handlest and m perfect rowing shells. When he is not on the water in his pet craft, he is in the water in a bathing suit. Sometimes, however, as on occasions of very cold weather, such as that of the past week, he goes down to the club house for the of the thing and sits there surrounded by other members Then he tells stories.
This happened a day or two ago. The inspector had had his dip and had emerged
from the leter. He hastily donned his
clothes, carefully brushed his iron gray hair, glanced at his \$700 presentation watch and sat down among the other

"Was the water cold, inspector?" asked

"Cold? I should think it was. It reminded me"--Then the other members drew their chains nearer and entreated him to tell them what the chilly state of the water reminded him of

"It reminded me of a very queer and unpleasant adventure during the war."

The chairs edged a little nearer and one or two "Has," long drawn out, were heard above the noise of the moving of seats.

"But the story is strictly true," he went on, "and I should not relate it if it were not for the fact that there are several gentlemen living in Brooklyn who witnesses of the events I refer to. of these is Sergt Holbrook, of the Central squad, stationed at police headand another is Capt. Folk, of ne Twelfth precinct."
Then followed several assurances that

not a single Varuna flannel shirt covered a breast that could for a moment entertain

"In 1862," began the inspector, "I joined

Company E. of the One Hundred and Seventy-third Metropolitan regiment. It was a police regiment, and Holbrook and Folk belonged to it also. On the 12th of December we shipped for New Orleans on the steamer Continents! the steamer Continental, 1,100 * strong The steamer was pretty crowded, as you may imagine, and comfort and cleanliness were at a discount. But perhaps chief among our discomforts were the plentifulness of salt pork and the absence of sea water soap or fresh water to wash in. We lived on the salt pork and tried to wash in salt water with fresh water soap, and I tell you there were a good many dirty faces and pairs of hands on board on the second day out. It had been raining pretty hard up to the third day out from New York harbor, and I was on

duty on deck, as dirty as the rest, when we reached the Gulf of Mexico. As I the tenets of the established Chinese religion, a certain kindly disposed and exmarched up and down the deck of the steamer, which was pitching and rolling tremely powerful dragon becoming wearied of paradise came down on an exploring trip to China and was obliged, through a heavily, I noticed that the yawls which hung from the davits were half full of number of unexpected complications, to remain there. By several manifestations rain water. I determined to have a wash and slipped below and got a towel and of his power he convinced the Chinamen a piece of fresh water soap. But I found it a tough job. Just as I would get my hands nearly into the fresh water in the boat as I leaned over of the surrounding country that he was not a person to be idly toyed with So, after he had devoured a number of their friends and fond relatives, they awoke to the gunwale, the roll of the steamer to ard would swing her away from me. dragon to the position of a divinity. Sub-And there I had to wait, leaning half over the side, until the roll the other way and within a remarkably short space of swung her back again. Then off she time the Celestial visitor was established in the divinity business with a house and to dip my fingers into the rain water. a retinue of priests of his own. Through the influence which he exercised in local This went on for some minutes and I had scarcely done more than wash my hands, politics and national government the

so I made up my mind to make a bold

two waves that seemed to be as high as

on to the top of a roll, and there saw the

shout, but my voice failed me, and my heart pretty well failed me too. In an-

they had seen me on the ship and threw

"'Man overboard!"
"A man named Conner-who, by the

out to the man at the wheel:

gain admission to a soldiers' home-

and kept the steamer right on her course

swim, and it was about as much as I

could do to keep afloat. In my maneuvers to reach the bex which had been thrown

overboard I sank several times, and was often swallowed up by the heavy sea. Finally, as I grasped the box—a cracker box, and very light at that—I was relieved to notice that the steamer had stopped and was traving about.

'Stop the ship!' shouted Connor to the

dash for a clean face. I put the soap

down, scooped my hands together and waited for the return swing of the yawl. The other day the holiday in honor of his arrival began. The Chinese call it the Wo Yueh Dan Wo—the English foreit is determined to scoop up some rain water and throw it over my face. The steamer somehow suddenly stopped rolling for a few seconds, and began pitching, with the yawl just a few inches out of my reach. Leaning over the gunwale I made not known. It is the fifth day of the fifth moon, the thirteenth day of the four-Leaning over the gunwale I made things too numerous to mention. principal Chinese business houses and the restaurants shut down and nearly all of one supreme effort to reach the water in the yawl. But unfortunately, at that very moment, the steamer rolled the way the Celestial collar beautifiers shut up their shops and took a holiday Mott I had not expected, and before I had timto express an opinion about it I found my self soveral fathoms under water. I had pitched over the ganwale and slipped between the side of the steamer and the was crowded to the doors, and a number As soon as I realized the situaof his worshipers were obliged to go out on the sidewalk and do their worshiping tion I was impressed with its seriousness. This was as I began to rise to the via the front windows. The festivities surface, which I did slowly, and with difficulty, as I had on my full uniform and a tractive point being the band who marched all around and scattered the White Wings heavy pair of top boots. A storm was rising rapidity, and the steamer was going all over the peighborhood and stacked at fourteen knots, so that by the time I them up four feet deep.-New York

rose to the surface, in a trough between World. mountains, I could see nothing of the steamer. In another second I was lifted The Palmy Days of Minstrelsy I was reading that the wife of Jack Hav-erly, the once well known negro minstrel manager, induced him to give her \$10 every steamer quite a distance away. I tried to night out of the receipts of the show, so thu when he went into bankruptev she possessed moment I was again on top of a and clanced toward the ship. I a fortune of about \$30,000. He begged her a wave, and glanced toward the ship. I could just see two or three faces looking over the side, and I judged by seeing some to lend him the money, but she refused him and today they are living comfortably on her savings An hour or two afterward I met arms waving that I was seen. Presently Bill Foote, who was a boomer for Haverly I saw what looked like a large box thrown when that skyrocket of a manager was high overboard, and I made up my mind that it was intended as a life buoy. This re-vived my sinking hopes, for I felt that if in the air. Foote now runs a boarding house in this city, and is the custodian of Dock-Dockstader minstrels on a tour.

something overboard to me they would "Oh, yes, those were 'nalcyon' days," said a "There was a time when the manager of stop her and put a boat out to pick me up. I learned afterward that Holbrook had a minstrel company had to do hardly anyseen me fall overboard, and had shouted thing else than open the doors of a hall and let people pay to come in. The five or six years after the war were especially profitway, I was last week asked to help to inhabitants, were constantly being discovered by wide awake agents, and places of m guard at the time and near the pilot that sort were dead sure to vield fine andiences for anything in the way of minstrelsy. But it isn't so now. The milk shall gone out of that coccanut, and the man who can make negro minstrel company pay has got to 'Stop the ship, I say!' again yelled the

> The inspector of butcheries in Parts reports creased to an extraordinary extent.

THE VIAL OF TEARS.

Adown the fading slope of afternoon
The dusk comes softly, purple eyed and fair;
Stray firefly cleams flume her neavy hair With points of light, while o'er her the round

In one cool hand she bears her cup of dew Filled to the brim—in one a rial rare. Sweet odors float around her. All the air She sets with drowsy sounds—the cricket's time, Faint calls and chirps, and songs that mothers

To smiling, sleepy babes. If to the ears
There came but these! But under all there strays
The vanished voice—some dear familiar phraseTHUS PERISHETH

was going on, as the waves now lifted me up and then seemed to drop me down out of sight. One moment I could see nothing

but the sky above me, and the next nothing but the waters below me. Every

second was an age, and every effort to

keep floating seemed as if it must be the

last, for I was rapidly getting exhausted The cracker box was snatched out of my grasp several times and recovered with the greatest

times and recovered with the greatest difficulty. Suddenly I was filled with new

hope, for, as I rose on a big swell, I saw that a boat was being lowered from the

steamer and that she had turned entirely

made me feel strong again. But the prog-ress of the rowboat toward me was slow

Shouts of encouragement I heard at fre-quent intervals, and I tried to shout back,

but my voice was entirely gone I was getting so weak that it was nip and tuck

whether I could hold up or not till they

reached me I tried in vain to get my heavy boots off, and for this purpose I

turned over on my back several times At last, seeing the boat within twenty or

thirty yards away, I gave up the attempt and tried to shout, for the sea was so

and tried to shout, for the sea was so rough that I feared the rescuers might not perceive me in time But in turning

over again what was my horror to hear a

splashing near me and looking round to

see the back and tail of an enormous shark within a few feet. Then I remembered that the Gulf of Mexico was infested

with these monsters, and again I almost

gave up hope. The boat seemed to be stand ing still, and I could feel the chill of fear

creeping all over me. I knew that the

could bite me in two or swallow me

Round and round swam the monster, com-

ing nearer to me every time. As it seemed

to be about to turn over I kept on splash

for I had heard that a shark will not bite

mything that is moving or splashing rapidly Then I changed my maneuver

nd struggled to turn round as quickly as

the shark, keeping the cracker box be-tween us and beating the water with my hands. After this seemed to have been

going on for an hour, though really only

fairly over as it went down, probably to rise under me and end the suspense. At

Come, keep up; we're coming!" "And at the same moment a wave wept mealmost into the yawl. I clutched

the side and was pulled in just as the cracker box rose out of the water several

feet and fell again. The shark had prob-

When I at last reached the steamer, more

dead than alive, numbed with cold and

utterly exhausted, the soldiers gave us a

cheer and I went below, where I remained several days in a slight fever. And that

cold water today just revived the memory of that terrible hour I experienced."

When the inspector rose from his chair there was an ominous silence. The Varu-

nas looked at each other, each apparently

in doubt about what to think of the

inspector," said Detective George Zundt, "but when I was in the war I"—

"Oh, come off!" shouted several. "Let

"Gentlemen, every word of the story is

"But who'll youch for Holbrook and

strictly true," said the inspector, "and I refer you to Holbrook and Folk, if you

Folk?" was queried from the corner.— Balbriggan in Brooklyn Eagle.

White Wings Four Feet Deep.

Several hundred thousand years ago,

secording to the works of Confucius and

lragen soon came to be worshiped by all

China, his picture finally being selected to

grace the dag of the country.

bly made a rush for and struck the b

this moment I heard a shout:

few moments, I saw that it turned

would have to turn over before he

round and was heading toward me

The flower that once was all perfume *
Fast droops and dies away;
With spring comes not refreshing bloom.
But winter's dark decay.

The form from heaven's shapellest m The once warm heart is growing cold.

The eyes have lost their fire.

Still, though thine eyes have lost their fife, Thy cheeks their girlish glow, Yet burns my heart with hot desire

As in the long ago.

Donald R. McGregor in New York Graphie

FROM OUT THE PINES. The doctors have just said that there is

no hope for me; that I may die to-morrow; perhaps, indeed, to-night. But they did not tell me that. Had they done so I could have told them better; but they did not. They went out softly to the other room, shutting the door, lest I should hear them whisper it to Minnie-my niece Minnie-who takes care of me, and who cried, yes, absolutely cried, when

they had gone away.

They shut the door, I say, but ah, I laughed at that! Little do these doctors know how keen grows the eye, how sharp the ear, how eager the duli mind and clear the brain, as one draws near the shore and feels the breeze from off the Lake of Death faming the sunken theeks. Some-times, while lying here, I have heard the neighbors in the room beyond talking about my chances in the battle with the "shadow grim," and wondering and plan-ning what had best be done after all was over with me; and I have been tempted to call out that I heard them, and tell them to be gone, but then, why should I? They are good neighbors, as neighbors go, and they have been very kind to Minnie; so I let them alone, nor did I speak to them at all, only it used to worry me a

little—but that is over now.

But so I heard the doctors, as they told Minnie this morning; and afterward, when she came into my room, I pretended not to see the pretty eyes all red and weighed with tears, or hear the tremor in the with tears, or near the trenor in the sweet, young voice. I merely asked for pen and paper, and to be alone a while. She brought me these, drew up the little table within reach, and went out. I was left alone—yet not alone, for the spirit of the dead woman is here beside me now, giving me feverish strength to write the words that may at last bring peace to her soul and mine.

I am an old man now, yet, how clear it seems before my eyes—clearer than this memory of yesterday—that bright, sunshiny morning long years ago, when I joined kands and fortune with three other men (all now are dead but me, and I am dying). But then, an then, we were so young and brave and strong and full of boyish dreams of wealth and love, and

manhood's happiness! We were out locating mining claims among the Rocky mountains, and for two wild weeks we worked on side by side, scanning anxiously the sands that ran beneath our feet for signs of the gleam-ing yellow dust. But, so far, all in vain.

One day it came my turn to hunt the game for camp, and in the clear, bright rning I started off, whistling could I see, with my duller eyes, the "wee, small cloud" then gathering in the

The game was hard to track, and led me farther and farther up hills and down glens, so that when I turned my face togiens, so that when I turned my lace to-ward camp the night was falling around me, and with It came the conviction that I had lost my way. But what of that? I was young and fearless, and a night spent in that far canyon, with the white stars for my candies and the wind sough-ing through the dark rock pines above me, would be filled with ples not idle fears. So I stood still, and loo ing about me for the safest spot on which set stakes, I saw just a little be fore me, in the glen below, a small clearing, and beyond a clump of trees. I made up my mind to go to this clearing, and had just started, when suddenly a shrill, piercing scream rang out on the quiet air, seeming to come from the shadow of the trees beyond, and echoa lost soul. Again it came, as I stood there, for at first I hesitated at going toward it, fearing a panther trap Then once again it rose, shivering through the darkness, "Oh, help, help, for the pity of

Then I knew what it meant. No panther cries like that. Swinging myself down from ledge to ledge, I was soon on the little clearing, then on into the gloom of the pine tree cluster, led by the cries that had now sunk into pitiful sobs and

Just beyond the edge of the woods through the trees. I saw a ray of light, and tracking it, soon came up to a miser able old shanty—a miner's hut. Within street was filled with the throngs of sportive revelors. The Joss had such a girl, and every sob was accompanied by a sportive revelors. The Joss had such a curse and the dull swish of some heavy through the nir and lash as it flew through the air and fell upon the quiverish flesh! One moment I paused, the next I had burst open the miserable door, and stood gazing a picture that has haunted me through all my life. Here, in the low, unfinished room, lit by an old lantern that hung sus-pended from a beam across the center of the roof, steed an old gray haired, gray bearded man. Man, did I say? Nay, rather devil, fiend in flesh and blood There he stood with a long cattle whip aplifted for another blow, and at his feet lay a young girl, scarcely more than a child, with her long, black hair all tan-gled about her face and matted with blood unon her breast. Blood was upon her face, her dress, her feet and on the floor.

face, her dress, her feet and on the floor.

Ah, what a sight it was!

One glance, and I had caught the old fiend by the throat, and flung him senseless on the fleor beyond. Then I took the poor little lassie in my arms, brushed back the matted curls from her white face, and gave her which from my hunting flask. She soon revived and stood up before me. Drawing the tattered frock across her bruised and bleeding breast, she looked at me with a sort of dazed, childish wonder, but with no sten of fear. Ah, I can see her now, just as she stood there, tall and lithe and graceful as the young fir trees growing by the door, with her long black hair, black as a dream of dealers.

with her long black tair, black as a dream of darkness, and her eyes, eyes with the changing mystery of the night, the passion of the storm winds in their depths. "Who is he? I asked her, pointing to the man who hy there, stirring faintly. "He? Oh, he says he is my father, but he lies; he always les!" came the answer in hot, passionate sobs, while her dark eyes glowed with the memory of hate and pain.

"Met Oh, I am Corms, and I have always lived here, only to be beaten and beaten by that man—he will kill me some-time, I suppose!" she said in a dreary

The fences of these remarkable "roads" are curious affairs. Frequently they are of the Spanish hayonet and the hemequen with a broad leaf and berbed point six inches long, strong enough to impale your horse. Again, strong enough to impale your horse. Again, strong enough to impale your horse. Some are of the pina de raton or bastard pineappie tree. But the larger number are of pinease bottja. Green himbs are cut from this, and when thrust in the greened grow instantly and haxustonsly. Between the branches the vejuce de angarilla, a hardy wine, is planted. This weaves itself through and through the hedge in all manner of fantastic and tightening freaks; and, as it bears a lovely purple blossom, this fence is always strikingly beartiful to the eyn—Cor. Worcester Spy. little voice, where pittful despair seemed giving way before the hope of death.

I stayed there all that night. About daybreak the old man pulled himself together, looked at us for a moment, and, gether, looked at us for a moment, and, muttering curses, turned and went off down among the trees. But when I too would have left the poor child clung to me, and begged and prayed that I should not leave her there alone.

"He is only hiding down there till be trees poor me than he will

sees you go; then he will come back and kill me!" she whispered, trembling and fearful at the thought.

So I stayed, wen by the glorious beauty of those area.

And that day, and the next, and yet the CARE OF THE FIGURE. and that day, and the next, and yet the next went by and found me there, content. Carma soon forgot her terror, and laughed in happy glee as she sat beside me under the stilly trees. And I forgot my comrades up the long ravine, and all my gold dreams faded from my mind; for ah, I lowed the wildwood flower I had

found beneath the pines, and she—oh, the pemory of her love for me! She told me of herself in those sweet days, how she had always lived there with

that fiend, seeing no other face but his, bearing ne sound but the shrill cry of the

panther through the dark. She were a

ittle locket in her breast, with the face

of a woman in it-a face beautiful as the

angels, with eyes like Carma's own. Her father, she said, had told her once it was

the face of her mother, who had died at Carma's birth. "And then he struck me,

I could, and lingered on.
One morning, our stock of venison get-ting low. I started off again in search of

watched me out of sight. I had

luck that day, and went hurrying hor ward in the twilight, listening to ca

the first notes of greeting song, but all was still-too still, I thought. Then,

suddenly, there was one long, wild scream, one such as called me to her side

before, and I knew that the fiend had

come back. Rushing madly forward, I reached the door in time to see the villain

seize my darling by the threat and plunge a long dirk knife into her breast; to see

her totter, fall heavily, and then—then my senses left me, and I knew nothing of

what I was doing for some time. When I recovered I was kneeling before

the dead body of the girl I loved, while close to us lay her murderer, with the long knife in his blackened heart—for I,

loo, bore the mark of Cain.

Somehow—I knew not how—I staggered

to my feet, and seizing my gun, went out, leaving the dead together in the accursed

The next few weeks are a blank to me,

but my old friend, Totten, told me that one day I was found by some hunters more dead than alive, in a glen, far off from the bloody scene. They said I had lost my way, and had fainted from starvation, where they found me. I never told them of learning

Three years after that I was in Sar

Francisco, living with a friend, a great criminal lawyer there. He told me of

many things and in his conversation spoke of a case he had tried two years before of

a young girl accused of murdering her father. Then the tale came out.

My darling was not dead, as I supposed, when I left her, but rather in that awful

swoon which is twin sister to death. A

party of miners, passing down the canyon some days after the tragedy, saw the cabin hid among the pines, and going in found the old man lying dead on the floor,

with the girl crouching beside him. When questioned, she would answer noth-

ing, but that the crime was hers. "I killed him. Yes, I killed him; don't you see?" was all she said when they

Francisco, tried and sentenced—yes, sen-tenced to a prison cell for life, for the

tenced to a prison cell for life, for the cruel murder of her father! Such is the

usual justice of our land. She never fal-tered, never wavered through all the slow

tortures of those terrible days, shielding the man she loved at the price of her own

soul, bowing her glorious head to the ac-cursed blow, bearing the ignominy and

me; followed him out into the sunshine

that has ever since been to my soul but a

down behind the purple hill tops, I stretch out my hands into the darkness, and,

touching hers, made clean by this, my true confession, of any shade of guilt, or

shame, I turn my tired face toward the

waiting stars, and with her own sweet

name upon my dying breath, I go to meet her in that "land beyond."—5. Werdan

But true to the bitter contrasts every-

where noticeable in the island, the road itself

was execrable beyond description. They are

American country roads, they are utterly im-

no vehicles are used in Cuba, save in the

large cities. In this region, agriculturally the richest portion of the island, the needs between bundreds upon hundreds of great plantations and Trinidad have been met by

for over 200 years!-and during one-fourth of

Every sack of coffee, every pound of food, every article of furniture, has always been "packed" back and forth in this shiftless

manner.

The roads crook and turn to avoid obsta-

cles just as the Cuban will do six days' labor to avoid one. "Beware the pantanos!" was the warning from every tongue throughout

the day. These "pantance" are sinks in the clay soil where one's animal will plunge from

perfectly solid footing fairly out of eight. We rescued five animals so mired with their

moddy panniers and packs for dolorous and grateful pilgrims during the day. The "pan-

tance" are bad enough, but the descales dinerally, refusals; avoidances are worse. These are ways cut around impassable places, involving careful riding through bogs and

A Corinth, Maiss, farmer festened a stee

woman that I loved.

in American Magazine.

strike the fatal blow.

them otherwise

Carma stood in the doorway and

GREAT VALUE OF MASSAGE AND THE DELSARTE SYSTEM.

How the Lavaries of Yesterday Be the Necessities of Today-Develo of Feminine Beauty of Figure and Grace

One by one the luxuries of yesterday be come the necessities of today and the very commonplace things of to-morrow It is human nature that this should be so, for not mly in one case is it true but in many The southern fruits which came to us as a rare delicacy but a few years ago are daily seen on very plain tables. Why not, when they and went off, and stayed for many days," she said, shivering with the memory of his brutal blows. I comforted her as best ost no more than the fruit which grows in our climates The oyster, which was some times sent as a great offering on friendship's altar to our forefathers from some friend at sencoast, is now a staple article of diet all winter long and not a costly one at that rough we live nearly a thousand nules from the sea. The treasured silken gown of our amid invender sprigs, is to my multiplied by fives, by tens, by twenties in 'he wardrobes of their granddaughters. The printed pages or given away daily in these days. Tis but a short time since a starionary bath in one's house was a rare, extravagant elegance, established in our larger cities, yet today it

"MANICURE" AND "MASSAGE."

Webster's dictionary, revised and pub-lished in 1882, does not contain the word mani-cure, yet the educated women in the land grow fewer every week who do not put into ractical use their knowledge of manicure prefers to comb their hair with the rubber or with a bunch of long strong thorns or fish bones, which were some of the contrivances of savage races, one prefers to use the file and the rounded scissors of the manicure to trim the nails instead of the penknife. We see the average weman with carefully cared for finger nails, when ten years ago not one of them used the same methods of polishing,

ing and trimming.

Massage, too, is a word of Nineteenth century coining. Who of our rugged ancestry would have dreamed of being rubbed for pleasure or to enhance their physical beauty unless it was the Romans in their age of luxary! To be rubbed when ill is but an expected part of the nursing and treatment, but to be rubbed into straightness or stenderness, or to be patted and punched into roundness and firmness of outline or muscle is just dawning upon the consciousness of the public as a thing possible to accomplish. It will only be in the very near to-morrow when the supreme importance of this massage treat-ment will be thoroughly understood by womciate litheness and suppleness in another woman, but they are very loth to undertake the proper exercise to develop that same om of movement in themselves. That it may be imparted in a degree by no act of of another's hands, is a fact to be heralded ity of a doubt that the moving of a joint back and forth, round and round, gently, slowly, with certain delecate manipulations, will render it free and elastic to a romari that able degree,
d her What do surgeons do in the case of

deathless shame of crime, simply, that the one she leved—and who deserted her -might live on in honor and escape the broken arm, where the whole limb has been storm; for she saw me, saw her lover, tight and close against the body! Do they leave the wrist and fingers stiff and bifeless, "And she, does she still live?" I gasped out, as the lawyer paused a moment to as they appear when the ligatures and splints pour out a glass of wine.

as they appear when the ligatures and splints pour out a glass of wine. pour out a glass of wine.

"Ab, no," he said; "she fainted when ing the daily, and ofttimes twice daily, visits the sentence was prenounced, and was of the surgeon are made with even more ex-carried across the street to the hospital, across than earlier in the case, and despite where she died the next night. I went the means and grouns of the path over to see her there, and, just as the sun every joint of the fingers and wrist backward went down she half rose up, put out her and forward, each time farther and farther, hand, as if reaching toward some one in until the tortured creature can endure no the dark, murmured a name, and then fell knowledge may desist until next time be un-"A name! What name?" I whispered. for my voice had deserted me, and he was pleadings will turn him from his course until watching me, quizzically, if not suspi-

ciously.

"What name? Why, strangely enough, it was your own," he said, and then: bility. DEMANDS PERSONAL ATTENTION. What example can be brought to be Good God, Jasper, what's the matter, snything stronger than this argument in favor of massage treatment? The figure de-Here, drink this and come out into mands personal attention today because it receives most notice from others, and lightness of gait, suppleness of body, freedom of movement are things desired of every one. shadow; out among the jangling bells of the songs and merry laughter of this Some one said not long ago that she would like to have been born her own daughter. great, busy world, only to hear ever, amidst it all, the dying moanings of the This is a more reasonable wish than it seems and less egotistical. The women of today are thoroughly alive to the modern theorie So have I lived, doing what little I of education and cultivation, and they find it could in my own strange way, to drag out a life, burdened with this double curse of so hard a task to unlearn half they have been Cain, without drawing any other human heart within the awful shadow of my sin. And so, to-night, as the great sun goes taught in order to reach a state where they may imbibe a new course of ideas that 'tis no wonder they wish they might begin over

anew as a child.

One of the terrors of advancing age is the tendency to stoutness; nothing except wrinkles do women more dislike than a heavy, plumping step which some 300 pounds of fish, more or less, to carry about engendera. Massage is benedicial for this, though sertainly by no means as effectual as active exercise. The rubbing for this should be combined with longs smooth strokes of the band from the neck down the spine, and from the him to the heels, while the same

mode of procedure applied to crowing girls develops length of limb and general height. Another help to lightness, grace and suppleness are the movements taught by the teachers of Delearte. This, perhaps, is the beway of all for women who have lost the yielding, springing movements of their youth, by either increase of years or weight. Delsarts saw the beauty of nature as it should be in the human form, and studied but to prove how it might be developed. His theory is that at every movement or gesture of any part of the body an almost imperceptible ripple of movement should run through the entire frame, and when one once was the grace of carrying out this theory, no other argument is needed in its favor. One is taught that the sect of all movement to in when the waist theory is graceful and reas-tered, is the more beautiful. The daughters of the women of today will be brought to the highest state of physical culture. Why should not their elders envy them!—"B. H. E. M." in Chicago Heraid.

An Athlete's Rule of Health An excellent rule of health given by a pro place of business. Attend to work in the usual way, resisting every inclination jungles, and not infrequent goings astray in the dense forests.

The fences of these remarkable "roads" are you may have to give way to indolence Walk home. Never mind the weather; little rain will not hurt you and the summ heat will not affect you when you have done it long enough to do you good. This is just the time to begin the walks. There is exhilaration in the air to encourage walking and the habit once formed is not likely to be shandoned."-Chicago Herald.

"I look nice and cool, and the nector I give Bair-sides the multitude these torrid days; But the fact is, although I help others to live I find his a litzle," the sode fount says.

A CELESTIAL FEAST.

WESTERN SARBARIANS AT NEW YORK'S CHINESE "DELMONICO."

A Marvelous Array of Crockery-Cups of Delightful Tea-The Fameles Dish Nutchi-ki-Oriental Art in Cooking Eggs. The Cook's Triumph.

The party numbered a novelist, a journal st and a past and two ladies, libewise lit folk more or less known to the world. The time was 6 o'clock on a rainy night and the place was the Chinese quarter of New York, better known as the Bend, where Mott street debouches into Park row

Picking their way among the peels and pitfalls of the nar w sidewalk, the party halten selves an ancient tensment, somewhat more dilaputated than its neighbors, whose door post bore a legend in Chinese—if one could but have deciphered it—informing the could but have deciphered it informing the hungry way haver that here he mig a set and

The novelist, to whose experience in Chinese cockery the rest of the early bumbly sub-mitted themselves, led the way into the dusk-interior. Mounting the flight of stairs, be ushered his companies into a large, square, front room, nacarpeved, and furnished with a ne pher of plain wooden tables and stool-Near a window in one corner of the room one of the tables was set fortil with a number of selves, and prepared for what was to follow A MARVELOGS ARRAT.

Two clocks and a stove, together with the tables and stock, were the only strictly Oc-cidental appurtenances which the room concidental appartenances which to tained. In the left hand corner of the apart-ment stood a broad, short loungs or divan, ment stood a broad, short loungs or divan, paled high with pinows, and furnished with a tray containing a miscellaneous assortment of needles, Jars, pipes and a lamp which was kept constantly burning. It was occupied at present by a large, plump specimen of the Oriental, who lay at length larily manipulating needle and pipe, and presently the faint, insipid older of opinm circled through

In the opposite corner upon a number of shelves was arranged a marveious array crockery, calculated to set a keramemaniae wild. Wonderful turesns, decorated with intertwisted dragons, snakes, dwarfed foliage and monstrous humanity, bowls of all shapes have pots, sattern and utensils and sizes, jars, pots, sarcers and atensils whose use would primie any but a Chiasse, were displayed to the admiration of onvious eyes. Below these again were metal utemple eyes. Below these again were metal uterains of multitudinous shapes, chaffing dishes, fish shaped, to contain fish: pixtes, fowl shaped, to hold fowl, and many formed to contain the nondescript delights which so largely make up a Chinese meal.

Near at hand was the counter for what in

English would be the cashier, with the count-ing frame, ink pot and brush and account books. Over this presided a fat, jovial lookapon entertainment of his own house. Back of the main spartment the kitchen displayed to view a perplexing maze of articles, w nameless to a western understanding, the whole pervaded by a mouth watering perfume and a suggestive sound of frying and

frizzling.

Before each of the party was set a cup of delightful tea-many times replenished during the menl-choo sticks, and, as a conceto English ignorance, a very small plate

THE PERST DESIR.

The first dish brought on was the famous tion of fowl, pork, Chinese mushrooms and a nut somewhat similar to a chestnut. In ab-solute fact, it is the original ambrota—the true food of the gods, in whose luscious sauce Jove's beard was daily dipped. Its taste and flavor are simply inde English has no synonym for it, adjectives observed, in passing her saucer for a second help, that it was "heavenly." The novelist, whom the observation was addressed bad full he could do nothing but reply fervently with his eyes. The poet devoured in silence; he had found something for which there is

Following this came Foy-yung-darn-ar omelet-of which it may be said that no Occidental chef d'œuvre could ever compare with this Oriental work of art in egge. The country. Then came Chow-chop-say, anmysterious mixture, after eating of which the post expressed his opinion that nature had done him wrong in not giving him two stomachs. Marvelous comestibles now followed each other in rapid succession and the diners were reduced to a condition of

gins to taper for this to be read from left to right, as if even Chinese ingentity must have exhausted itself, but there was a knowing exhausted itself, but there was a knowing twinkle in the eye of the novelist, and his deluded and overfull coorganions began to suspect that he had prudently reserved a mock for some culinary wonder yet to come. Heralded by bards' nest soup- she large of all soups-it came in the shape of Chow-governer, the area and pinnaste of all trings estable in this world or the near. It is simply a species of macaroni, so prepared as to leave a part soft while a part is cooked crisp. Tasting it gingurly, the party uthered simultaneous crisp of delight, and made a combined attack upon the disk, which disappeared with startling rapidity.

startling rapidity.

The bill of fare is not the work of an inky spider, as it seems, but the passport in de-lights such as Loculius nover know, even-when he dined with himself. Let any see who wishes to know how to dine hand it to

But now one word to the young man who is making haste to be rich. Not one out of ton thousand who give takent, energy and life to this new over reach time goal. We have seen that the goal itself is a grand delenion, but, as you will not see that truth, perhaps the truth of the properties. the tremendous chances egainst you in the race may turn you to a wiser course. Your the trememons charloss against you in the race may turn you to a wiser course. Your competitors are legion, and they have so howels of mercy. They carry sharp deggers and use them stillfully. The race becomes a game of heartless trickery, and your discomfiture will excite no sympathy. You cannot stop a moment to rest, or you'll be troiden under fact. Flot and comberplot will keep you busy day and night until your brain resis and your physical faculties fail. Your hair becomes prematurely white, your limbs totter, your fool has no relish, your disposition grows sour, you are nervous with expectation or fear. Altogether you are a very miserable creature, made so by your own willfulness. With mind and body thus weighed down, the thought that all is done for a questionable advantage and also by questionable means, will haunt you in spite of yourself, and add a moral sting to the intellectual and physical decay.

When we say this to the young man who is bewitched by the sires, either thorough unbelief is his response, or eits to be zero that his is an exceptional ones, and that he is going to be wise enough to avoid the mistanes and calamittes that have wrecked so many before him. It is the hope of the infatuated garbler who puts down his money in spite of the staring facts of the gambling table. If America is to be remed in spit to by materials in the accumulation of individual wealth and the mad chase for such a reministration. It is that which will day up the same